

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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Editor.

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THE BOY HERO.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

(*Captain Weatherly and his son in the Zulu War.*)

THE blue-eyed lad, with golden hair,
Was helping with delight,
Loading his father's carbine, when
The Zulus came in sight.

And by his side his charger stood,
Alert in eye and ear;
Strange that his brave young master should
Know neither pain nor fear.

Ah! nearer now the assagais
Are gleaming in the sun,
Tears gather in the captain's eyes:
"O save your life, child, run!"

"No, father, I will die with you!"
He said, and grasped his hand,
And struck the horse, who fled from view,
Glad of the boy's command.

The tall grass bent with sword and blood
As closer grew the fight,
Hiding almost in crimson flood
The blue-eyed youth from sight.

Yet still he stood with dauntless mien
Beside his bearded sire;
Ah! Zululand, thou hast not seen
A nobler soul expire.

Wounded to death with savage spears,
The father fought and fell,
Clasping the hand of boyish years;
One grave is left to tell

Of love sublime, of courage high,
Of heroism brave.
Blessed that country where men die
Honor and peace to save!

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER III.

"MAMMY!" shouted Jack one clear, bright morning in the latter part of January. "O dee-licious! Uncle John's goin' to take me and Will and learn us how to skate. Crickety jumps! Aint I just tickled? You bet!"

"Going to learn you! Why don't you learn grammar?" acidly asked Aunt Maria.

"O Jack, where do you learn all that slang? I never heard such language," sighed Aunt Sally.

But Manice smiled and said, gently, "That is good, Jacky, now you can use your Christmas skates. Be a little careful at first, dear; you don't like headaches, and a good knock on the ice will be pretty sure to give you one."

"How can you let him go, Manice?" asked Aunt Maria. "It's a clear tempting of Providence to my mind to let a child get into such danger."

"I don't think there is much danger, Aunt Maria. I want Jack to have the exercise and the pleasure. Both will do him good, and he must learn caution by needing it. There is no better way."

"But, Manice, I shouldn't think you'd have a minute's peace while he's gone. I shouldn't if he was my child. Just think of those awful air-holes," groaned Aunt Sally.

"I'd rather think of the firm ice, aunty, and I can leave Jack to God's care in one place just as well as another."

"You wouldn't like it any better if he was brought home to you dripping and dead," sternly put in Aunt Maria.

Manice's eye darkened with feeling.

"Sufficient unto my day is the evil thereof," Aunt Maria. I am only Jack's mother, yet I have got to take his father's place as well, and I observe that the best fathers I see or know try to make their sons manly and strong. I mean to try to do that with Jack."

Her boy, who had listened with flushed face and swelling heart, pulled her face down to his lips and whispered in her ear,

"Mammy, I wont go if it's goin' to plague you."

"I want you to go, dear," she whispered back.

"Whispering aint polite," said Aunt Maria, but Mrs. Manice did not seem to hear it.

"Come," she said, smiling at Jack. "Your mittens are just done, and I'll sew on the ear-pieces you pulled out of your cap yesterday while you're getting on your coat and boots."

And off they went, Jack jumping and laughing at her side, and she laughing with him, though the fears her aunt had tried to waken in her heart would now and then stir and lift their heads. Manice Boyd had found out long before that it needed courage as well as wisdom to train a boy. Her heart was bound up in her children. They were her earthly life, and had she followed the dictates of mere feeling she never would have let them out of her sight. But she had both deep religious principle and good sense, and she knew Jack must sooner or later face the world for himself. The question was, should he be sent out with no self-reliance, no strength of character, or should she train him up into the use of the whole armor of God, to go up and conquer temptation? There was but one answer to this, and in order to teach her boy to meet life she let him go from her many and many a time with a sore heart, and watched for his return with the agonized longing that only an anxious mother knows.

Uncle John had been for some time desirous that the boys should learn to skate, and Manice was willing. It was a wholesome, open-air exercise for Jack, and might be a great resource for him in the future; but she knew there was danger possible in the learning as well as the amusement; yet where is there not danger? She tried and learned to trust her boy in God's hands—the only Father he had to care for him.

As time went on and Jack became ten years old, Mr. Boyd

decided that he and Will should go to a large private school in Hexham as soon as it opened in the autumn, and in the meantime he desired that they should both learn to ride. Here was another terror to Manice, and the aunts were loud in their disapproval. But Mr. Boyd had his way, with Manice's full consent. She knew it was a good thing for a boy to learn how to guide and master a horse. Moreover, she knew the time might come when this knowledge would be of use to Jack, and perhaps of the greatest use.

"How can you trifle with the boy's life so, Manice?" indignantly asked Aunt Maria.

"I don't think I do, aunty," was the calm answer; "it seems best for Jack to learn, and it is a good time now. John will be careful, and I can't always keep my boy out of danger. I must trust him in God's hands, here as every-where."

"Well!" put in Aunt Sally. "I should think you'd be just about distracted, every minute of the time."

Manice smiled, but her lip quivered, and she turned away, unwilling to say more. Jack, however, survived skating and riding lessons, but fell into greater danger in his home, and through the agency of Aunt Sally. Miss Sarah Packard was a charitable woman in her own way. She had two or three poor families under her eye on whom she bestowed all the time, and care, and money she had to give, for her sympathies were not wide, but efficient and thorough as far as they went, and Manice used to say that if every body in the world did as much good right about them as Aunt Sally did the millennium would hasten its glories. Yet out of one of these very charities came an evil that overshadowed the whole family. A poor child, the only child of a widow to whom Aunt Sally had been specially good, was taken with scarlet fever, and Miss Packard sat by her bedside an hour before the doctor came, not aware of the nature of the disease. She was a little startled when Dr. Grey pronounced it to be that "mother-dread" which has decimated so many families, but reflecting that she had herself had it, felt no anxiety, and resolved to say nothing about it to her sister or her niece, but content herself with staying away till the child should be better and sending a nurse to take care of her. This was all very well. But when the little girl began to get better and the nurse left, Miss Sally, quite ignorant that the contagion of this fever lasts a long time, went every day to see Jenny, and carried home with her the fatal seeds which could not harm her, but sowed themselves in Jack's constitution.

When Manice's physician pronounced the boy to be ill with scarlet fever, poor Miss Sally in her terror exclaimed, "O I can't have fetched it, can I?" but the boy had been exposed in no other way. It really was her own fault.

"There!" said Miss Maria, "You've fussed and scolded about his skating and riding, and now you've done worse by him than if he'd broken into the pond, or been thrown. He's just the kind of boy to die of it, too. I shouldn't wonder a mite if he died right away, just out of your carelessness."

Poor Miss Sally burst into tears. Though she did nag Jack perpetually she had learned to love his bright face and hearty voice, his boyish fun and nonsense, and it cut her to the heart to think she had harmed him. Manice came in and found her crying.

"Nothing's the matter with her," snapped Aunt Maria, "only I happened to say she'd done a good deal worse for Jack than ever skating or riding did, for all she was for ever scolding about them!"

"Dear Aunt Sally," said Manice, tenderly, "don't feel so, you had no idea that you could harm Jack when you were so good to poor little Jenny. I am so glad my boy has this at home, not after he had gone to school. Now I can take care of him myself, and I shall not have this to dread."

"May be he wont ever go to school," grimly remarked Aunt Maria, who had the happy faculty some people possess of saying the very thing that cuts the hearer to the quick.

Manice winced, but had the courage to reply, quietly, "Perhaps he wont, that is in God's hands only. I can nurse him as well as I know how, and I have confidence in

Doctor Nelson. But I know we cannot either of us save him if it is God's will that he should die."

A smothered sob half-choked the last word, and Aunt Sally's tears flowed again.

"You see, dear aunty, we couldn't keep him from danger," Manice went on; "even here it came to him, and I trust he will come out of it all right. But I have sent the girls to John's, as his children have had it; and since Annie and Alice were both away while you were with Jenny Smith, and went directly from Mrs. Bruce's to John's house, I feel quite safe about them."

After all, Jack was not dangerously ill. His constitution had been strengthened by good, plain food, abundant out-door exercise, and early, regular hours; and the fever did not take violent hold upon him. But Doctor Nelson warned Manice that these light cases demanded the strictest care and the longest seclusion, for their after effects were so often fatal. So when Jack felt quite well enough to be playing marbles in the yard, or flying kite in the fields, he had to be shut up in his mother's room and be restricted in his diet.

"It's just as mean as dirt, mammy!" he exclaimed. "I feel well enough to go fishin', and hungry as a bear. And here I am lying on this old sofa or lookin' out of the window like a bear in a m'nagerie-cage, and nothing but beef tea and bread 'n' butter and crust coffee to eat."

"And growling like a small bear, too!" laughed his mother.

"Well, I guess any feller'd growl. I'd rather forty times over be studyin' lessons at school than kickin' round here. I had, truly, bluey!"

"Do you know you are learning a lesson here, Jack?"

"Why, I haven't even peeked into a book, mammy; not seen even my 'rithmetic."

"For all that, my boy, you're learning to say 'No!' the hardest and needfulest lesson of your life. You are learning self-control."

"Dreadful slow! Guess I've got to wear a dunce-cap, Miss Mother."

"Slow is sure, Jackey. I know it is hard enough for you to be shut in here, but I think every day how much better God knows what is good for my boy than I do. He can teach you as I never could, and this is his way, to put you where you must deny your will, your wants even, or suffer—perhaps die."

"I didn't think he was teachin' me," said Jack, with a sort of awe.

He had considered himself the doctor's victim hitherto, and resented it. When Aunt Sally brought various dainties to his very door, and his mother refused them for him, he almost thought her unkind. But he laid that to the doctor, too; and, though Manice had explained to him exactly why he must be kept in-doors and denied sweets, that did not allay his craving for freedom or lessen his eager appetite. But there was something in the thought that God had set him this lesson to learn that impressed him beyond his mother's teaching. And when he was at last set free from quarantine, Manice rejoiced to see how a certain steadiness had been added to his character; a strength, as yet, to be sure, only a germ discernible but to a mother's eye, but full of promise. She, too, had learned her own lesson, in denying her boy the liberty and indulgence that would have harmed him, and which it hurt her own heart so to deny him. She knew at last what the words mean:

"He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

[To be continued.]

THE DIAL.

The dial tells the hour by shadows moving with the sun.
So do we count our little lives by shadows cast from some
Unknown and stronger light, which best reveals our darkness.

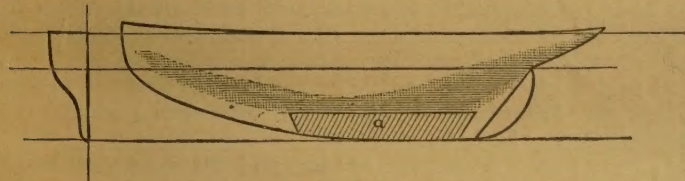
—Marion Manville.

THE SLOOP VS. THE CUTTER.

BY H. B. ANDERSON.

II. MODEL.

In this paper we will take up the question of model, or shape of hull. There are three types of model for the sloop—the cutter, ordinary keel, and center-board. The cutter model is represented in Cut 1; and by a study of the cut it will be seen to be that of a very deep, narrow boat. Cut 2 shows the model of an ordinary keel sloop—a boat with good depth and with considerable breadth of beam. The center-board model is shown in Cut 3. Perhaps it would be as well to say that a center-board is a contrivance by which the



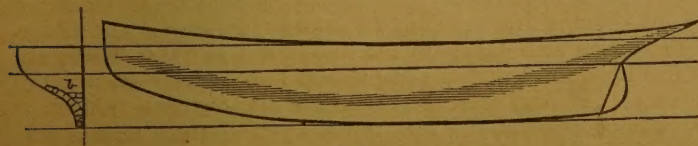
Cut 1.

a—Outside ballast.

deep keel can be dispensed with. It consists of a board which works up and down through the keel in a case made for it.

Taking the ordinary keel boat as a standard, we will consider the two extremes with reference to it. In the first place the keel boat is the ordinary type of vessel—a boat with more or less beam and considerable depth—very stiff, and an excellent sea-boat. Let us now see how the two varieties came to be developed from it. Generally speaking, the more depth a boat has the better sea-boat she will be; also, the more her beam is contracted the more her depth has to be increased; also, the more her depth is diminished the more her beam must be extended. Now, the English yachting waters are very rough and boisterous, and consequently the highest degree of seaworthiness is there required, and so, as seen above, the greatest depth necessary to insure that.

But to this reason was added another, to which is due entirely the present extreme type of cutter. For the first reason would only have taken the development a short way, as after a certain depth is reached the seaworthiness is not materially increased by any further deepening. This second cause is to be found in the measurement-rule of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. To make it clear just how this works, a short digression is necessary. In yacht racing, of course, as the vessels are seldom of the same size, and as, other things



Cut 2.

b shows location of inside ballast.

being equal, the larger vessel will sail faster than the smaller, it is necessary to determine the relative sizes and to give the smaller ones some time allowance over the larger. And this measurement-rule is that by which this time allowance is computed.

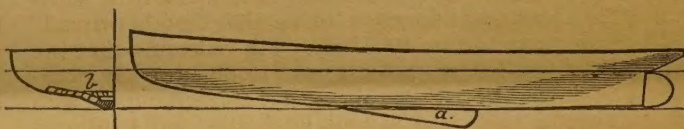
Now, the Royal Thames Yacht Club—which, by the way, is the one from which in this matter most English clubs take their cue—in computing allowance neglect to take account of beam or width, so that of two yachts of the same length the narrower is the smaller, although she may be at the same time much deeper than the other, or broader one. It will, then, I think, at once be seen that the attention of all yacht designers in England must be occupied with the problem of how, with the smallest beam, to get the greatest degree of sail-carrying power, or, what is the same thing, the biggest

boat. And the result of all this has been the production of such an absurd thing as the modern racing cutter.

Now, the center-board type has been developed in an entirely different manner. Along our coast the harbors and bays are, as a general thing, full of shoal waters—sand and mud flats. And thus for cruising in a great many localities a shoal draught boat is necessary. To be sure, as seen above, the shoaler the boat the less sea-going ability she has, but generally, where the shoal waters are to be provided against, either the cruising waters themselves are land-locked or there is a harbor easy of access. So the expedient was hit upon of making a flat, broad model, resting largely on top of the water, removing the projecting portion of the keel and of substituting for it the center-board, then obtaining the least possible draught with equal, if not better, sailing qualities in smooth waters.

There is another difference between the sloop and cutter, and that is the manner in which the ballast is applied—ballast being the heavy weight either of lead or iron put in the boat to trim it and make it tend to stand upright. The ballast in a cutter is all placed outside, and fastened or melted into the keel, as seen in Cut 1, while in a sloop it is placed inside the hull, as shown in Cuts 2, 3. It was for a long time thought in this country that inside ballast, as the latter kind was called, was much more effective and was conducive to speed. But this notion is fast being done away with. The *Puritan* was one of the first notable, and at the same time successful, examples of the outside hard ballast applied to a model other than a cutter; and she may be said effectually to have overthrown the old view.

It has occurred to me that before closing this little account



Cut 3.

a—Center-board lowered slightly.

b—Inside ballast.

of sloop and cutter it would be well to say something about the vessels that raced last year in the international match for the America's Cup, and something also about those that are to race this year.

The *Genesta*, the English boat beaten by the *Puritan*, is a thorough-going cutter in every particular. The *Puritan*, on the other hand, is not a fair example of the type of boat one refers to when one speaks of a center-board sloop. She, as I explained some time ago, has double-head sails, and the jib set "flying," low mast, and long topmast. Then, although center-board, she is deeper than most keel boats of her size, and is practically the same in model with the keel boat shown in Cut 2, and she also has outside least ballast; and yet none of these peculiarities are to be found on the ordinary center-board sloop. The *Priscilla*, on the other hand, the boat built in New York to defend the Cup, and which the *Puritan* defeated in the trial races, was a fair type of center-board boat in every way. She was designed by A. Carey Smith, whose principal success up to that time had been the *Fortuna*, a large keel schooner, one of the fastest yachts on the coast.

This year there is to be another international race for the Cup, and in it the *Galatea*, a more pronounced cutter even than the *Genesta*, will take her place, and it may be fairly said that there is much question whether she is as fast a boat as the *Genesta*.

In this country two new boats are being built, one in Boston, to be called the *Mayflower*, and designed by Edward Burgess, who designed the *Puritan*. This boat will be an almost exact reproduction of the *Puritan*, only somewhat larger and sharper forward. The other is being built in New York, to be called the *Atlantic*. This boat is exciting great interest, for she was designed by Philip Elsworth, who has

designed the three fastest boats of their respective classes in this country—*Greyling* and *Montauk*, center-board schooners, and the *Crocodile*, a small sloop. As the *Atlantic* is the first boat of her particular class that he has attempted, it is warmly urged by his advocates, and not without good reason, that she will be also the fastest in her class. She is a center-board boat, deep, like the *Puritan* and *Mayflower*, and rigged and ballasted in nearly the same way, but modeled very differently.

In Boston there is much speculation as to whether the new sloop *Mayflower* will beat the *Puritan*. Many think she will not, and as the *Puritan* is now in her second year, and as a boat in her second year always sails faster than when new, the new boat will have to be very fast to beat her. Then, too, the *Priscilla* is being altered, and it is claimed by those who are making the alterations that they will materially increase her speed. If they do she will stand an excellent chance of being the best boat of the five. At any rate, it is safe to say that between these five boats there will be such a struggle as has never been seen in yachting circles before; and whichever wins will not have much to fear from such a boat as the *Galatea*. In fact, it can be said without exaggeration that the poorest boat of the five would be fast enough to defend the Cup.

BOOKS.

BUT what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone than we?
This books can do—not this alone: they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise;
Their aid they yield to all, they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone;
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.

—George Crabbe.

GERTRUDE'S GODS.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

"I KNEW it!" exclaimed Gertrude, striking into the conversation at dinner. "Just as soon as the choir began to sing, 'Greenland's Icy Mountains,' I said to myself, 'There will be a missionary sermon, and we shall be expected to put twice as much on the plate as usual.'"

"Well," said her cousin Jane (who presided at the table, but who seldom mustered up courage enough to make a remark there), "I suppose we oughtn't to grudge it, if it will be the means of inducing the poor creatures to give up their false gods."

"Humph!" said Mr. Skaggs. "We had better turn away from our own false gods before we begin to tackle the heathen. I was raised a hard-shell Baptist, and I don't take much stock in foreign missions."

"Such ignorance!" said Gertrude to herself. And it was only because she felt that her father was looking at her that she did not express her contempt in her small face.

Gertrude had offended her father more than once since the arrival of Mr. Skaggs and his little red-haired, cross-eyed daughter, and she had begun to fear that the gold watch he had promised her for Christmas, "if she behaved herself," might not be forthcoming.

Mr. Skaggs was a rough, uncouth man from "away out West somehow," as Gertrude told her friends (geography was not Miss Owens's strong point), and he and his daughter, whom he had

brought to the city to have her eyes attended to, were dressed with very little regard to fashion, and so Gertrude could not see why her papa must have them stay at his house and make so much of them. She did not choose to remember that it was owing to Mr. Skaggs's coolness and courage that she had a papa at all, though Mr. Owens had often enough told the story of his rescue from the Apaches when traveling out West several years before. If Mrs. Owens had not died when Gertrude was a baby, it is probable that the latter would not have been, as her Aunt Sophia expressed it, so "intolerably shoddy" in her tastes and ideas; but her cousin Jane, a distant relative of Mr. Owens, though a good housekeeper, was in other respects a very poor substitute for a mother. She had been brought up in penury, and, in her unbounded respect for Mr. Owens's visible opulence, had, without intending it, imbued Mr. Owens's daughter with the idea that money was the only standard of gentility.

"I say, Aunt Sophia," said Gertrude, when that lady came to tea the following evening; "you have heard about the Skaggses being here, haven't you?"

"I have heard about Mr. Skaggs and his daughter being here," replied Mrs. Kirk, with some emphasis.

"You will be surprised when you see them. Celia says they look as if they had come out of the ark."

"If your father were to hear that your friend Celia had made such an impertinent speech about his guests he would immediately give orders for her discharge. I suppose it was Celia who taught you to begin your remarks with 'I say.'"

"O, Aunt Sophia, you're always so cross with me nowadays! But I was going to tell you about Mr. Skaggs. He thinks Americans worship idols, just like Hottentots and Zulus. Shouldn't you think that a grown man would know better than that, even if he did come from the backwoods?"

"Did he say idols or gods?" asked Mrs. Kirk.

"I am not certain which it was, but it doesn't matter. Nobody in this favored country, as they call it at Sunday-school, ever worships any god but the true One."

"I am not so sure about that—but what have you done with your little friend, Mr. Skaggs's daughter?"

"O, don't call her my friend, Aunt Sophia! She goes about the house in an old faded dress that Celia's little sister couldn't think of wearing, and you just ought to see the hat she wears on the street!"

"I'd rather see her eyes. I think I can tell if it would be worth while to take her to an oculist, as I hear her father intends doing. Go up stairs, please, and bring her down."

That evening Gertrude's nerves received a dreadful shock. Mr. Skaggs poured his tea into his saucer as usual, a proceeding which always caused Gertrude and her cousin Jane to exchange covert glances, but when the former looked at Mrs. Kirk, to note the effect upon her, what was her amazement to see that lady doing the same thing! Mrs. Kirk, who dressed elegantly and moved in the very best society, pouring her tea into her saucer at table! After a little reflection, Gertrude began to feel vaguely that she and her cousin Jane were being reprov'd, and thereupon she went off into a fit of sulks, but nobody minded her.

After tea "little Skaggsy," as she contemptuously called her young visitor, stood by Mrs. Kirk's side, with her sharp little elbows leaning on that lady's silken lap, and talked to her with an animation she had not hitherto displayed, while Mr. Skaggs and Mr. Owens engaged in a political discussion, in which the latter was rather badly worsted.

The next evening, after requesting her cousin Jane to "look after little Skaggsy," Gertrude, attended by a servant, went off to a sociable at the house of her friend Annie Grant. In the pocket of the dress she had taken off was a hastily scribbled invitation (dispatched at the last moment) for "the little friend who was staying with her," an invitation Gertrude did not choose to deliver.

"Skaggsy had better stay where she is," said she; "and besides she is not really invited, for there is no name mentioned, and she is not my little friend."

Gertrude did not enjoy that sociable in the least. In a new silk dress and ruby necklace, she had expected to be the observed of all observers; but instead of that she was simply nobody at all, and the reason of it was that little Miss Grigsby, the only daughter of the great millionaire, had condescended to accept Annie's invitation, and, though only twelve years old, she was so resplendent with diamonds that no one could look at or talk about any thing else. And the worst of it was, Gertrude received no sympathy when she returned home, for her cousin Jane had one of her sick headaches, and could not be spoken to, while Celia had taken pity on the poor little lonely, homesick Skaggsy, and was entertaining her with a delightful imported story, full of spooks and witches.

Gertrude went to bed that night in an extremely bad humor with herself and every one else.

"I hate those girls I met at Annie's this evening!" said she. "And Annie is no better than the rest of them. They care for nothing in this world but money and show."

And then she suddenly recollected what Mrs. Kirk had said to her only the week before:

"Gertrude Owens, I am completely disgusted with you! How a girl with Bartram blood in her" (Mrs. Kirk and Mrs. Owens had been Miss Bartrams) "can so bow down and worship money and show, I cannot comprehend!"

She was so accustomed to being rebuked by her Aunt Sophia that she had not paid much attention to the words at the time; but now they came back with full force, recalling also what Mr. Skaggs had said about false gods.

"I wont bow down to such things any longer!" exclaimed she. "I have seen too much of that kind of worship this evening—every body hanging around that half-witted Grigsby girl as if she were Queen Victoria. I shall take little Skaggsy—I mean Susie Skaggs—out for a walk to-morrow, and I'll walk her down X—Avenue, just to show I don't mind that hat."

Gertrude was true to her resolve, although, the day being cloudy, Susie insisted on taking her father's umbrella, an immense cotton affair that had seen its best days, and was now yellowing with age. Many were the looks cast at the hat and umbrella, and many a pair of rosy lips suddenly lost their beauty by being curled with disdain, but the blood of the Bartrams was now asserting itself, and Gertrude tripped bravely on, making herself more agreeable to her companion than she had ever done before. They were about to pass Annie Grant, who, with several young companions, was standing at a street corner, when their attention was suddenly attracted by the strange behavior of an ill-looking cur that was capering about on the opposite sidewalk, snarling and snapping at every passer-by.

"I do believe that dog is mad!" exclaimed Annie Grant, in real alarm. "All the dogs seem to be going mad nowadays. Goodness gracious, he is coming across the street! Run, girls! Run for your lives!"

There was an immediate stampede, and Gertrude, as she always did when extremely frightened, fell down in a fainting fit.

"Get up, Gertrude, or he will bite you!" exclaimed Annie; but she did not wait to see if her advice were followed.

Only one girl remained beside the prostrate figure, and that was Susie Skaggs, who had opened wide her umbrella, and was now pushing it into the face of the enemy who tried in vain to get around the barrier. Susie was as nimble as himself, and she kept him moving around on the outside of a circle until he was dispatched by a pistol in the hand of a policeman.

"Well, little girl, who learnt you how to fight dogs after that fashion?" asked the officer, as he helped her to lift Gertrude, now recovering her senses, to her feet again.

"I read about a lady scaring off a tiger in that way," replied Susie; "and I thought what would do for a tiger would do for a dog."

"You think real quick," was the admiring response; "and you are the bravest little girl ever I come acrost. If it

hadn't been for you, your friend here would have been bitten and gone mad, as sure as shooting."

When Susie, no longer cross-eyed, thanks to the oculist's skill, returned with her father to their Western home, she carried with her, among other presents, the very gold watch that was to have been Gertrude's at Christmas.

"I'd ever so much rather she should have it, papa," Gertrude had said. "It will make her think of me every day when she winds it. And besides, even Aunt Sophia says that I don't care half so much for fine things now as I used to do."

OUR JAPANESE VISITORS.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

Part II.

AOKI, the rapid sketcher, as he is called, has always a crowd around him. His history is interesting. He is now a man about thirty-five years old. When he was the age of our boys who are in school and short pants he went into the army. He was taken prisoner and, I presume, afterward pardoned. However that was, he was at liberty and made up his mind he would be a painter. He had no money and was very destitute. He persevered and painted in the streets until better fortune came to him. At last he made money enough to take lessons. He did well in portrait painting, and afterward became a decorator of Satsuma pottery. He paints equally well right-side up or upside down. It does not seem to make any difference what is his subject, although he prefers flowers and birds. The picture he painted and gave me was done upside down, and was finished in exactly four minutes and a half. It covers a paper the size of one of these pages. He did not appear in the least hurried with it, but worked on making every touch of his brush tell. There is one thing I do not understand in these Japanese paintings. They rarely wash their brushes. Occasionally it is dipped in water (dirty at that) for more moisture, and from time to time the artist puts it in his mouth. Color after color is applied with no wiping of the brush, and yet each comes out clear and good. Aoki sits on his feet as he paints, but the artist in oils kneels before the easel and paints with rapid strokes. He is occupied much of his time in copying photographs for visitors, and will clothe his copies in Japanese attire if desired. He enlarges them to the size usually seen on panels. But I do not think him as wonderful as Aoki, although Yasu laughed and tried to tell me that Aoki was nothing remarkable. I do not believe her, however, but think she wanted me to have a very high opinion of her countrymen.

There are three departments devoted to silk. The first shows us how the raw silk is reeled. It is very delicate and breaks often. The mother of one of the babies has charge of this booth. In order to show us exactly how she works when at home, she fastens her baby to her back, and has her bright little boy beside her, while she busies herself mending and reeling until she passes the reels to the next department. Sometimes she places her baby on the little boy's back and after a rest takes him again. All the silk must now be twisted before it can be woven, and a set of wheels worked by hand twists six of the fine threads into a firmer thread for weaving. Then it is passed to the old weaver. Here it is placed on a loom, similar to that used by our great-grandmothers. With a little shuttle, which he throws backward and forward, he produces the fine soft white silk. It is marvelous to see how evenly it is done with so little machinery. After seeing how long a time it takes to make even an inch, the wonder is how it is possible to produce it so cheaply.

The barber is a great good-natured-looking man, who tries his best to talk English, and crack his little jokes. He does not hurry in shaving or dressing the hair. I do not think any of the Japanese hurry. They seem a most calm, placid people. The barber stands behind the man he is at work on and shaves him, even to his eyes.

Older people are very much interested in the different ways in which pottery is decorated. But many of the younger people nowadays like to paint their little gifts of plates and cups, and some insight into the Japanese methods may be of interest to them also. These villagers show us four different styles, the Bishu, the Cloisonné or Shippo, as the makers call it, Satsuma, and Ota. The Shippo and Satsuma are the ones in which we are specially interested. The Shippo work begins with the coppersmith, who hammers and bends and works the copper into the pretty shapes for vases. He works sitting before his brazier of coals, fanning the fire with a large fan. Excepting that there is no machinery and his work is very primitive, it is not unlike our own. When his vase is finished he passes it to the designer, who lightly sketches a pattern on it. The next man squats on the floor, and with pliers makes tiny rings and scrolls of brass wire. These he fastens to the vase with cement, following the pattern the designer has made, and then it is ready to be fired for the first time. The great secret of Shippo work is the enamel, and only the enamel-maker knows of what it is made. The places between these wires are then filled with the many colors of enamel. During this process it is fired several times. After the last firing the vase is only a rough-looking thing, and as the chrysalis gives no hint of the beautiful butterfly which will come, neither does the rough-looking bit of work tell the tale of its underlying beauty. It is placed in the polisher's hands, and with stone and powder the different polishers work away, until at last, after infinite patience, the beautiful vase appears in its lovely colors. Of course we are not shown the firing. I do not know if it is even done in this country. We see the vase fashioned, the bits of wire cemented, the enamel applied, and the vase in different stages of polishing. I never knew so well how it was done, and I feel sure the boys and girls who may not have had the opportunity to see all this and talk with these people must be glad to know the process.

While the Shippo or Cloisonné work is on brass outlined with wire and filled in with colors, Satsuma ware is made of pottery and painted. Korea was conquered by the Japanese, and many of their people were taken prisoners. Among them were some skillful potters of that country. However, the clay from which the "real old Satsuma" is made was not discovered by them until some thirty years after. If I am not mistaken, it was in 1620, or about the time the Pilgrims came over to Massachusetts. At first it was not painted, and for fifty years after the discovery of this clay the ware was of a creamy-white shade in the finest and most delicate network of cracks. So we know that all Satsuma in colors or gold is no older than two hundred years. The potter's wheel furnishes the vase, and after firing until the rich, delicate tint is obtained with the fine crackle, it is painted in most brilliant colors and with a great deal of gold. This is fired again, and the pottery which the Mikado uses is complete.

It is very curious to note that the bronze makers never produce two things alike. The reason is very simple. The pattern is always destroyed in making the figure. I saw the bronze worker making the prettiest and most elaborate designs in wax. He fastens them to the vase and then plasters the whole with clay. When this is hard the liquid bronze is poured between the vase and clay. It melts the wax, which runs down at the bottom and takes the form left in the clay. Afterward the clay is all picked off, leaving the beautiful bronze ornament.

All these people wear stockings with the place for the great toe separated from the rest of the foot, the same as we knit a thumb to our mittens. A flat, heavy sole of wood, covered with straw and with a strap which passes over the foot and between the toes, forms their shoes. These are always discarded and left at the door before entering a house. The workmen, too, drop them before stepping on their platforms to work. Now, the Japanese do not use as much machinery as we do, but they make their feet help them as much as their hands. The carpenter sits on the floor and holds the wood quite steady between his toes. We should think he worked

"back-handed" and awkwardly, but his work is fine and neat. He planes the bits of wood toward him, and when he wishes to smooth or polish it he does not use the glass on the wood, but fastens the glass firmly and rubs the wood on the glass. We cannot deny that he does his work well.

The old tailor uses his feet equally as well in holding his sewing. When "running," as we call it, he holds his needle stationary and runs the cloth on it. I do not think his stitches very fine. I do not remember to have ever seen fine sewing in Japanese garments. One day when I was in he was at work on a most magnificent garment, ordered by some lady in town. It was made of white brocade, lined with cherry satin. His thimble was a round piece of metal like a broad ring, with indentations like ours, worn just above the middle joint of the second finger. His wife, who was sewing by his side, did not use her feet, except as a hassock to sit on. Her thimble was a ring of pasteboard, covered with cloth and with a network of coarse threads over it. Mr. Deakin's little book tells us that they are very fond of basting-threads and never pull them out. I did not see any, nor did the old tailor or his wife appear to have any part of their sewing basted.

All the boys and girls who can draw a bow will like to hear of a little incident in the archery gallery. The bows are very strong and the arrows large. The boys did not come very near the target when they tried them, but the Japs themselves proved most excellent shots. One of them came in one afternoon and began to shoot. He tried several times and just missed the "bull's-eye." He looked annoyed and perplexed, tried again, and with no better success. Evidently he was not used to that. He thought a moment more, put his hand in his sleeve, pulled out a purse, laid it on a shelf near by, then shot his arrow and hit the center exactly. This he did several times, and then, picking up his purse, put it in his sleeve and retired.

ENOUGH.

WHEN all the overwork of life
Is finished once, and fallen asleep
We shrink no more beneath the knife,
But having sown prepare to reap,
Delivered from the crossway rough,
Delivered from the thorny scourge,
Delivered from the tossing surge,
Then shall we find—please God!—it is enough.

Not in this world of hope deferred,
This world of perishable stuff;
Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor heart conceived that full "enough."
Here moans the separating sea,
Here harvests fail, here breaks the heart;
There God shall join and no one part,
All in one Christ, so one—please God!—with me.
—Christina Rossetti.

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GENEVAN PEOPLE—PHYSICAL TYPE—EDUCATION.

You inquire about the characteristics of the Geneva people. The inquiry is certainly a relevant one; for is there in all civil history a more unique problem than that of this little commonwealth?

Here is a town of about 50,000 inhabitants in a state or canton hardly seventeen miles long and six miles broad, the aggregate population not being over 100,000; and for more than three hundred years this small state has been one of the

lights of Europe, and, indeed, of all Protestant Christendom. Hedged in by great kingdoms which, for generations, were eager to absorb it, and in almost continual war with it, it has, by its valor and diplomacy, maintained its independence and been the freest people in Europe down till the time of the first Napoleon. Immediately after his overthrow it stood again erect in undiminished vigor, and then joining the Swiss Confederacy it became the leading power of the Helvetic republic, though the smallest of its cantons save one—that of little Zug.

Here is the most unrestricted liberty known in the Old World. Nearly half the people are Roman Catholics, but not a priest, monk, or nun is seen walking the streets in costume, except as a passing traveler. Their religion is tolerated and even supported by the public treasury, but not allowed to be obtrusive. No beggars are seen here except as interlopers; no person shoeless or in rags; seldom a drunkard, though every body uses wine or beer daily. Every citizen can read and write; every child is gratuitously educated, and, excepting the refugees from other governments who flock here for shelter, no people are more comfortable, more industrious, or more intelligent. Bear in mind also that the greatest things achieved in their history were done when the state was hardly half its present size. Is not this a unique story? We have numerous towns in America of about this number of people in counties as large or larger than this canton. Can you point to one of any analogous importance or fame—to one in all the world? Think of an American little city like this victoriously fighting off for generations royal armies, maintaining the best public order, morals, and liberty; influencing all the civilized world by its example and its great thinkers; its best buildings school-houses; with four gratuitous colleges (two for its girls and two for its boys); a commanding university; two public libraries of more than 100,000 volumes each, with invaluable manuscripts and relics; an elegant conservatory of music, teaching gratuitously 700 pupils; a public art gallery; four museums (scientific and archæological); an astronomical observatory; a splendid opera-house; a grand cathedral; hospitals, asylums, etc., of every kind; and above all, through successive generations, a learned class of citizens, of European reputation, in almost every department of literature and science. I hope we shall have similar little cities in America. But when? Time is a necessary condition of such grand provisions. In a few more generations we may hope to have them. We may well be ambitious to copy the example of the Genevan republic.

Great individual men have doubtless contributed much to this public greatness; but there must be some substructure, some popular qualities, upon which alone great men can build great commonwealths. What have they been in this case?

First, There is discernible in this people a peculiar temperament, physical and mental, which I think is the basis of their character, personal and public. It is constitutional, and has developed their peculiar type of manhood; but I do not say it is original. On the contrary, it is probably the effect of long "cross-breeding," for from Cæsar's day to ours Geneva has been a center of intermingled populations—Allobrogiens, Romans, Helvetians, Germans, Burgundians, French, Italians. At the Reformation epoch, especially, many of the best families of France and Italy sought refuge here, and were re-enforced by the St. Bartholomew massacre and the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Their descendants have ever since given character to the community—the Diodatis, Turretinis, Malans, Lombards, D'Aubignés, Neckers, etc., etc. This salutary process of cross-breeding has been going on long enough to produce a distinct and uniform type, and it is probably the best popular one in continental Europe. In a few hours you can step into France or Italy, but this people are in striking contrast with either the French or Italians. Their language is French, but they have no French excitability, no French gesticulation or vociferation in conversational or public speech. They are tranquil, thoughtful, solid,

given to industry, to physical and theological studies, without a single important poet in all their history, without an important artist for more than two hundred years after the Reformation, but never without great thinkers who have influenced the whole intellectual world. They have always been heroic, and, in common with the other Swiss, have been the most obstinate and invincible soldiers of Europe, sought by foreign states as the best of troops. Even their physique is peculiar. They are singularly square built from the shoulders to the hips—a torso of robustness and endurance; few dwarfed, many tall, with strong necks, broad faces, and full round heads. The noblest living statues of the Continent can be found here. Though the mass of the population seems about the ordinary height, yet, if you individualize them as they walk the streets, you will be struck by the frequent examples of superior size, both in height and breadth, their firm step, and deliberate aspect. In any assembly of them you have but to look around you for a solution of the historical problem of Swiss invincibility in battle. It would seem that an armed column of such men must be overwhelming by sheer weight. And their temperament would hardly admit of panic.

But, notwithstanding this superior physique, it is a curious fact that physical beauty is a rare thing here except in childhood. The children are notably pretty. You avert your eyes from the flowers in the public parks to the charming faces, the living flowers which throng these resorts on fine days under the care of their "bonnes," or nurses. Up to the period of adolescence they are the loveliest little ones that I have seen in the Old World. But at that period the characteristic sobriety, not to say severity, of the national mind seems to set in. They too early "put away childish things," and address themselves to earnest life. A beautiful native woman is said to be a very rare sight here. But the Genevese women have, nevertheless, a characteristic expression of high womanhood, of *morale*, of intelligence and domesticity, which is better than any beauty of mere contour or complexion. They are among the best of wives and mothers. The boys generally have a precocious aspect of manhood, but not of the delicate precocity of our boys; their early habits of hard study or hard industry make them thoughtful and calculating. Nowhere else have I seen so many old heads on young shoulders. But their physique remains substantial. They grow into stalwart men with good practical minds, but with little imagination or sentiment. And yet, strange to say, the most sentimental and most influential writer in French literature—Rousseau—was a Genevan boy. Nature sometimes delights in caprices.

Again, education has been improving this type ever since the Reformation. I have heretofore given you some facts on this subject. Without intermission the "learned class" has been conspicuous here for three centuries, and has been universally recognized by the learned world. But this class itself has been a product of the popular education. Education is coercive here, as a necessity of the state. A family can educate its children at home by tutors, but a teacher of its school district must, in that case, periodically examine the children, and if their instruction is not up to the school standard, the family is fined. If it continues to fail, it is fined more. If the failure still continues the father is sent to prison and the child to the public school. Education is the supreme thing with Genevan statesmen, and the greatest public *fête*, or annual celebration, is the "School Week" in July, when day after day processions of thousands of children with banners, bands of music, military guards of honor, and headed by all the public functionaries, are marched through the streets to a public building where prizes are awarded by the chief magistrate; and thence to a park where, at public expense, they are treated to a dinner, at tables neatly spread and amply furnished (including a small bottle of wine for each child) in the open air, amidst decorations of national colors, music, and cannonading, followed by all kinds of harmless sports, and concluded by fire-works. Of course such an

interest for education must affect the whole public character. It not only produces the "learned class," so characteristic of the little city, but the common people, not naturally vivid or alert, are made intelligent, orderly, self-respectful, and superior artisans.

This last word reminds me of a third condition of the Genevan popular superiority, but my sheet is full, and I will be wiser than most homilists by postponing "thirdly" to another occasion.

POWER.

"BUILD to my glory!" said the world-wide king.

They reared a mighty palace sheathed in gold.

"Carve me a statue for a further thing!"—

And spotless marble imaged him score-fold.

Then laughed the kindless one, ayield to lust,

"These goodly marks, upreared when I am dust,

What Nero was an after age will show—

My state remembered and unknown my crime!"

The poet wrote a line in wax, and, lo—

A king made infamous for endless time!

—*Elwyn A. Barron.*

TRAPPING WILD PIGEONS.

BY C. S. PEEKE.

"THE pigeons are coming!" was the favorite exclamation with which the rural Dutch urchin along the Mohawk Valley was wont to catch the unwary on All Fool's Day sixty years ago. And seldom did it fail to direct expectant eyes toward the southern horizon; for the season was at hand when the sky would be black for miles with wild pigeons which came in mighty flocks to pause for a while in these favored localities ere going to their breeding haunts in the undisturbed wildernesses of the North.

A goodly part, too, lured by the attractive prospect, would build their nests in the pines lining the precipitous sides of the creeks hereabouts, and in perfect seclusion, and within easy access to fertile fields, hatch forth their young.

The farmers in general were in readiness for their advent, having employed the winter evenings in making great square nets and other paraphernalia for the securing of this their earliest harvest. "Bough-houses" were built upon the flats and upland clearings.

These were structures large enough to secrete two or three men, and made of untrimmed pine boughs to resemble a miscellaneous brush heap. So cleverly, too, were they constructed that the pigeons would oftentimes alight upon them while their enemies were ensconced within.

For days previous to the glad event of their coming, some one was stationed in the bough-house on the lookout to take advantage of their first appearance. Without, at a distance of about forty feet, was located a "bed"—a portion of ground baited with grain or other tempting matter in the place where the net was to be set. Close by the bed the "stool-pigeon" mounted guard. This was one of the wild species which was kept to do its peculiar service for a number of years.

When in use a thread was passed through its lower eyelids and twisted taut in the tuft of feathers upon the head, thus closing its eyes. Its perch was movable, and about three feet long, being attached to an upright at one end like the arm of a miniature derrick, and could be raised and lowered by means of a cord operated from the bough-house. No sooner were the eyes of the watcher greeted by the welcome sight of that dark and swiftly approaching cloud along the southern horizon than his preparations were begun to attract it earthward. First the stool-pigeon was raised to its full height and then lowered by successive jerks, causing it to spread its wings and flutter. Should this fail to be favorably perceived by the advance guard of that numberless host,

"flyers" were resorted to. These were captives similarly blinded and secured within the bough-house with a long tether, so that when thrown into the air they might fly a considerable distance and then sink gradually to the ground. Much depended upon the working of these stool-pigeons and "flyers," and specimens that performed their parts naturally were highly valued.

One or the other ruse seldom failed to effect the desired result, and the leaders of the feathered army, swerving from their rapid course, would circle round and round in gradually diminishing circles, and then alight upon the baited bed, here to be re-enforced by such numbers that the ground soon became covered with a moving mass of shimmering blue.

After several days' baiting, the nets were set. These were about twenty feet square, and when set were folded back upon one edge, fastened by pegs to the ground; to the opposite corners cords joined by an ingenious device two hickory saplings, which were bent down to allow the fold. To spring the net was to spread it out to its full capacity, and was accomplished by some one in the bough-house pulling a cord which released the saplings.

At the first gleam of day, the pigeons would gather for their morning meal, and their trappers were thus necessitated to rise at a most "uncanny" hour. As soon as a sufficient number had gathered and were busy with their breakfast the net was sprung.

Then indeed was the scene changed, as from the meshes of the net scores upon scores of startled heads protruded, while the din of flapping wings denoted the capture of the greater part and the escape of the rest. Pegs were so arranged as to firmly hold down the net upon the struggling and terrified birds, until they were transferred to more stable quarters.

It being spring-time the corn-cribs were most generally empty, and were utilized as cages from which the pigeons might at leisure be taken for home consumption or the market.

The manner of butchering them then in vogue may be worthy of remark. The worthy Dutchman, in no wise guilty of squeamishness, would insert the head of his trembling victim between his upper and lower incisors, administer a sharp bite, and let the bird fall fluttering to the ground. This unctuous and humane mode of execution was rendered the more enticing when, by a particularly vicious bite, the brains of the victim would mount toward the dome of the executioner's pharynx.

All blood and feathers were buried with almost religious care, and other precautions taken lest the pigeons affrighted should seek other localities.

Numerous enemies had the trapper. Strolling hunters would commit depredations upon the flock he had so carefully baited and thus diminish his catch. Hawks, too, abounded, and were so fiercely hated by Mein Herr that did he perchance capture one alive its eyes were like to be put out, and thus maimed its freedom restored.

From early spring till late fall pigeons abounded, and the bait used varied with the season from corn and the different kinds of grain to the common earth-worm. During the breeding months only the males were caught, and were easily distinguished by their red breasts and their time of feeding. Young ones, marked by speckled breasts, were numerous in the fall, when the nuts of the white pine were ripe, and were choice eating.

Another popular mode of securing this live crop was to entice large numbers into a small compass, and then to shoot them. This was accomplished by means of a series of parallel oblique roosts, declining toward and within easy gun-shot of the bough-house. The roosts were about fifteen feet long, and the pigeons would alight upon them in greatest numbers before dropping upon the bed—the same bed sufficing both for the net and the roosts.

When sufficient were in range a blunderbuss, heavily loaded, was discharged at them point-blank, and with telling effect by the concealed sportsman. Fifty have actually been killed at one such discharge.

Such magnitude did this harvest of game assume that for years men skilled in trapping and hunting would follow the flocks to their different haunts, some going as far as Ohio—a goodly distance to travel in those days. As fast as secured the pigeons were barreled and shipped to the large cities, and years when they were plenty the market was so glutted that they brought but a very inferior price.

So easily a prey and so vigorously pursued, the extermination of the wild pigeon was but a natural and speedy result. And to-day it is very rarely indeed that a single stray specimen is met with in the regions where but a half-century back their name was legion.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

HON. S. S. Cox, our Minister to Turkey, relates many amusing stories arising from the custom of Oriental judges to follow their own sense of equity rather than any fixed principle of law. Two examples are given of the practical workings of this plan.

The first case is that of a goose thief. The accused man was brought before the magistrate by a constable:

"Are there any witnesses?" asked the judge.

"Two," was the answer, "the man who owned the goose and the man who saw the theft."

After hearing the evidence the judge, in his fierce and harsh Hungarian tongue, called up the culprit and said:

"You have been found guilty, and I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for stealing the goose!"

Thereupon he summoned the owner of the bird and said:

"I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for allowing your goose to be stolen!"

To the witness he said:

"Sirrah! I fine you ten kreutzers and ten days' imprisonment for not minding your own business!"

Egypt is the scene of another criminal trial. The presiding magistrate had stepped at once from a menial position to the judge's seat. Among the many cases that came before him was the following petition:

Being a burglar by profession, and compelled by want to rob a house, I select that of a tailor. To enter it I must make my way through the court-yard. This is surrounded by a high wall. In jumping from this wall I am caught on the spikes the tailor had fixed in the wall to suspend ropes for the washing. The result is I lose an eye. I now demand that my eye be restored, and that the fellow who drove the spike shall be punished.

The judge read the petition, and concluded that justice was due the petitioner. He summoned the tailor, to whom the matter was explained. The tailor argued that the thief had no business to jump into his yard in the night, and that if he lost an eye, it was his own fault. But the judge said, "The thief is only practicing his profession, and the law only punishes robbers."

The tailor paid the damages.

BOULANGER'S UNSELFISH ACT.

A PARIS paper relates an instance of unselfish bravery in the career of General Boulanger, the French minister of war:

In 1871 General Osmond was operating against the Communists, and had commanded a young lieutenant to carry at the bayonet's point a barricade which commanded the Paris road.

"Take some men with you," said he. "Do not give them any cartridges. At midnight advance, try to get as near as possible to the enemy without attracting attention, and when you are discovered charge with the bayonet! Behind the barricade you will doubtless find the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

The lieutenant, having formed his men, according to command, at midnight, was preparing to advance when Colonel Boulanger arrived in undress, cane in hand. The lieutenant could not conceal his vexation. Doubtless the colonel was going to command the small force, and the promised cross would fade from the horizon. The colonel saw what was passing in the mind of the lieutenant, and hastened to reassure him.

"I have nothing to do this evening," said he, "and have come here to amuse myself. I will follow your company as an amateur, without pretending to command."

The order to march was given. At sixty paces from the barricade all the men and the two officers extended themselves on the ground and tried to get as near as possible on their hands and knees. On a sudden the Federalist sentinel, who was guarding the barricade, leaned forward, listened, and then spoke to his companions.

"We are discovered," murmured the lieutenant in the ear of the colonel. "We cannot prevent a general discharge, and shall lose some of our men."

"Very well," replied the colonel. "This is what must be done. I

will get up suddenly; they will fire at me and miss me, and before they can reload, you can carry the barricade."

"But, colonel, this is my duty."

"There is no 'but' in the case, and for this occasion I resume the command. Stay where you are and don't get up till I tell you."

The colonel suddenly stood upright in front of the Federalist Chasse-pots. As he had foreseen, he was fired at and missed. Then, with a loud voice he called out:

"Forward, my lads, at double-quick."

The barricade was carried with the loss of one man.

COLLEGE CRIES.

No college in this country is so poorly endowed that it does not possess and practice a cry of its own. In many institutions of learning the class and college yells are among the earliest and most important of the subjects studied. A chorus of sturdy voices can utilize almost any combination of words, but a good deal of ingenuity is expended in inventing the most effective cries. The sophomores of an eastern college used to strike terror to their foes with the following from the classic Greek of Aristophanes:

Brek-kek-kek-keks—ko-eks—ko-eks!

Brek-kek-kek-keks—ko-eks—ko-eks!

Whoo-whoop! whoo-whoop! par-a-mo-lou! O, FRESH!!

A few of the countless noises which have been heard on many a college campus in the last few weeks are these:

Rah-rah-rah,—rah-rah-rah,—rah-rah-rah! [Harvard and Yale.]

Rah-rah-rah, sis—boom—ah! Tiger!! [Princeton.]

Wah-hoo-wah! Wah-hoo-wah! Diddy-diddy-Dartmouth, wah-hoo-wah!

Rah, rah, rah,—rah, rah, rah,—Am-herst!

Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo-rah, Penn-syl-va-ni-a!

Cornell—I yell—I yell—Cornell!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Ham-il-ton—zip-rah-boom!

Rah! Rah! Rah! Syra-Syra-Syra-Syra-cuse!

Rah! Rah! Rah! U-n-i-o-n—Hika! Hika! Hika!

Rah! Rah! Rah! M-a-d-i-s-o-n—Rah! Rah! Rah!

Hip Hobart! Hip! Hip! Hip! Hip! Ho! Hip Hobart!

CHINA VS. NEW YORK.

A GENTLEMAN who has lived long in the Flowery Kingdom finds our American customs strange and inconvenient. The contrast between the household arrangements in the two countries he laughably states in a New York paper:

I miss so many things, and every thing comes unhandy to me here. For instance, every body drinks cold water here, and laughs at me when I want to do as they do in China and take my water warm. In China it is impolite to take your hat off on entering a house, and here I have forgotten myself a dozen times, and been stared at and frowned at by ever so many because I observed the Chinese etiquette and kept my hat on my head on going into people's houses. I find myself ordering my dessert first at dinner, as I and all Chinamen do at home—I mean in Shanghai—and my embarrassment has been great. Polite natives of China always drink their tea from their saucers, which are placed on top of the cups. I forgot myself more than once and did the same, with an effect on others that made me very uncomfortable. On going out I invariably have taken my fan, and a fan like mine couldn't be purchased in New York for the price of a town lot. I couldn't think of going anywhere without it. But it has brought me only ridicule wherever I went. I find that my visiting cards, made after the best Chinese fashion, each one printed on a yard of the finest silk paper imaginable, are simply useless here, and if used would create a strong suspicion that I was insane. In China my bed and every body else's bed is formed of matting, while here the matting is laid on my bedroom floor for me to walk on. When I go to bed here my head sinks down deep into the pillow, and I splutter and tumble about all night and can't sleep. At home—in China I mean—I rest on a pillow as hard as wood, and sleep like a top.

The other day my nephew, a young man whom I like very much, asked me what I thought would be a nice thing for him to buy as a present for his father at Christmas. I answered at once,

"The very best coffin you can afford."

Why—do you believe me?—he was insulted, and my dear old mother was vastly shocked. It all came of my being thoroughly Chinese. It is quite the proper thing in China for a son to buy a coffin for his living father. In fact it is expected that he will do so if he is possessed of sufficient filial regard. I told my friends so, but that shocked them still more, and I was miserable again. There is no use. I never could get along here at all. I shall die if I don't get back home—to China I mean.

It is better to lean toward to-morrow
Than to weep over suns that are set;
The Future holds hope we may borrow—
The Past offers only regret.

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, \$1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.]

MR. BRAND, the gentlemanly and sensible teller in Mr. Topatome's bank had been "converted." He had "turned over a new leaf." He had "come to himself" and returned to his heavenly Father's presence and favor. He had begun "a new life." He was "going to be a Christian and a Methodist." These are some of the expressions on the tongues of saint and sinner in the community as the news of Brand's surrender to God was reported. It was a remarkable change in a good sort of a man, who was well-known in the village, and it was accepted as proof that the "work" was genuine and the evangelist sent of God. The logic may not have been flawless, but the facts were impressive and not a few skeptics were struck dumb.

HATTIE was happy enough when the news reached her. It was a great triumph of grace. It was a vindication of the "revival" efforts which the Church she loved had put forth. It was a new agency likely to help her in her prayers and labors for Herbert. It turned his arguments into ashes. For a time it took all the scorn out of his lips and voice. How much one soul can do! Brand was a thoughtful and well-read man. His very silence on religious subjects had fortified Herbert's growing skepticism. His common sense justified the young fellow's contempt for excitement. Herbert would reason with himself, "Here's Brand. Nothing of the kind moves him. He is a scholar and a level-headed fellow and has force of character. If there were any thing in religion he would approve it. As it is he ignores it and sometimes laughs at it." But now Brand had deserted him; had gone over to the ranters; had taken sides with preacher, evangelist, and the Church; had himself gone into talking religion and praying and setting good examples. The change was a salutary one for Herbert. No wonder that Hattie was happy over it!

"It is a mere impulse," said Herbert. "Brand wont hold out. A few days from now he will be regretting it. So it will be with the majority of the converts." So spoke Sir Herbert to "Saint Hattie," as he called her. "Regret what?" asked the saint. "Having made a fool of himself in this public way," answered the sage. "Now, Herbert, let us look at that for a minute," she said, "let us see how he has made a fool of himself. What has Brand done? He has acknowledged frankly in a public way and heartily the following facts: 1. That there is a God, above all, author of all, who has a right to the love and obedience of his creatures. 2. That there is a life beyond the grave where we shall continue to know and love, and where character will determine what we do and enjoy. 3. That the true life on earth is the life that is wisest, most loyal to duty, most full of faith in God and practical love for men. 4. That the Bible is God's revelation

of himself, of his will, of human duty and privilege. 5. That according to its teachings every man ought to repent of his sins, serve God, try to live according to the standards of the Book, and make his earthly life a sphere of preparation for eternal life. Now where is the folly of faith in these five propositions? I cannot see it. Can you?" Herbert did not confess it openly, but really he could not see the folly he had charged upon his friend.

"BUT why not do it in a quiet way? Why make a public demonstration? It is to the 'show' of the thing I object. I like a quiet, unobtrusive, humble religion." When Herbert said this he had a consciousness of its unfairness, as it implied that Brand was not humble and as it charged the Church with obtrusiveness. He could therefore say nothing in answer to Hattie's answer, which was to the effect that religion is a movement or quality in the life that cannot be wholly hidden from human observation; that from its very nature it must be manifested; that as "light" it must shine, as a city on the hill it must be seen. She quoted the words of the Christ, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." She told him that "with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." She described St. Paul and St. Stephen following Herbert's rule. Her picture was effective. She told him how like the talk of some of the old Pharisees in the temple his talk was, and she drew a picture of Herbert trying in the days of Christ to stop the Hosannas of the people when Christ entered the city in triumph. She then told him to apply his rule on the base-ball ground and at lawn-tennis and in politics. In this way the dear child spoke more eloquently and effectively than she herself knew, and Herbert went down town with an angered and somewhat hardened heart.

NEW victories at the evening meetings increased the power of the revival movement, and correspondingly increased the burden on poor Herbert's soul. Brand was more cheerful than ever, and withal more profoundly earnest. The man was a changed man. Every body saw it. To no one was it more clear than to Herbert, who tried in every possible way to catch the new convert in some inconsistency or to silence him by some argument. Brand under the sweet influence of unselfish love was not easily betrayed into any word or act which was contrary to love; and as for argument, Brand was on the right side, and poor Herbert's weak cavils could not stand against the words of truth and soberness. "It may be," said Brand, "that some of us will go back. Poor human nature does often recede from advanced and true positions. It does this in every thing else, why is it not possible in religion? This is no argument against the divinity of religion. It shows the weakness of human nature, and proves that the freedom and responsibility of man are recognized in the Bible. Suppose I do go back, I have had a taste of the better life, and what I am for a short time I should be and may be all the time. The brief experience makes it the more likely that I shall return to it. Is it not better that I should have the brief experience? Is it not better for a man to be sober for six weeks than never sober? Will not the specimen of sober life be an incentive to a return to sobriety later on? Ah, my young Herbert, you are walking in a dangerous path."

THESE burning words did not subdue the heart of Herbert. We wish we could report his turning unto the Lord. The meetings closed. Brand went one way and Herbert another. So is it in life. So shall it be in eternity. We do not despair of Herbert. But some souls need severe discipline before they surrender. It may be so with him. Hattie must pray on and Brand live on and ministers preach on; and mother's memory must still come into the poor wanderer's dreams. And some day we have hope that he will relent and repent and return. But it is for us to do our work and put our faith in God, and awaken men to duty, whether those we love come to the Lord or not. He has his plans. We have our appointments. Let us trust and serve and wait. Some time in the future we shall hear of Herbert again.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for June 27. A REVIEW.

1. THE WORD was made flesh, that the grace and truth and glory of God might be shown to men.
2. The WORD, both human and divine, as "Lamb of God," walks among men, with divine knowledge sees the heart, and with divine authority calls men to serve and to represent him.
3. The WORD as man—son, brother, friend—mingles in social life and exerts divine power.
4. The WORD as the expression of heavenly wisdom, excites the wonder of one of the wisest of the rulers of Israel, and gives him lessons that children of the kingdom now understand.
5. The WORD startles and instructs, and wins a wanderer who meets him by the well of Jacob, and goes away to tell her townsmen of her discovery.
6. The WORD captures a multitude, gathers a harvest, and proclaims laws of the heavenly kingdom that the ages cannot forget.
7. The WORD speaks across the distance and works a miracle on the body of a child.
8. The WORD speaks to human impotence and gives strength.
9. The WORD multiplies a lad's lunch until it feeds a multitude; and then across stormy waters pronounces a consolatory, "It is I; be not afraid."
10. The WORD proclaims the Gospel of the living bread and the life eternal.
11. The WORD claims the coming of the Christ, and by the power of divine eloquence defeats the schemes of plotting and malicious rulers.
12. The WORD thunders forth his just denunciations against sin, and claims pre-existence and divinity.

A MISSIONARY HINT.

HERE are missionary aims, motives, and agencies. The Gospel to be preached; the divinity of its origin; the practical way of winning disciples—whether plain men of the market, profound men of the schools, social men of the parlor, erring women of the town, prejudiced followers of another leader, men of high degree, men impotent and discouraged, or masses of men whose very helplessness excites our compassion. Here is the burden of the missionary: The living bread. Here is the inspirer of the missionary: The true Christ. Here is the high claim of the missionary: As representative of a divine Redeemer who lived before Abraham—the WORD who was in the beginning with God and who was God. The lessons of the quarter end as they begin with Jesus the Divine.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That manual training should form part of the public-school course.

Arguments for the Negative.

No. 1.—Nowadays every body wants to be practical; that is, money-making. This zeal for practicality excites some people to drive Greek and Latin from the colleges to make room for geology and German; and it is this same force which would displace most of the public-school studies and substitute for them the hammer and the hoe. If this nation is to be any thing better than a nation of sordid and selfish money-getters, it must shake off this tendency. The introduction of manual training in the public schools would wrong the poor by closing in their faces the door to mental improvement. Through the free schools lies their only path to the higher levels, and whatever takes from the school-course makes their upward way the more difficult.

L. F. R.

No. 2.—I do not think it would be wise to put manual training of the school course. The boys that I know have enough manual labor when they are out of school, and the only time they have for any thing else is the few months in each year when they are allowed to go to school. If half of this time is to be given up to instruction in the use of tools, it is just so much time taken away from the scant allowance which we now have for mental training. Children who have to work with their hands before and after school will find the school-house a very unattractive and unprofitable place if it doesn't give them a different kind of education than that which they are receiving at home and in the shops. Make the teaching as perfect as possible, but don't take away from us the only opportunity for mental improvement that many of us are likely to have.

EMIL S., JR.

No. 3.—The average of boys when they graduate from the public schools is between fourteen and fifteen years, and there are some under that. At that age they are only just beginning to be able to handle tools with any thing like success. As it would never do to make the older boys do such work and let the younger ones look on, therefore the boys, as a class, in our public schools are too young to learn to be carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. No boy is admitted to college (I mean our public colleges) until he is fourteen years old. Then is the time that he wants manual training, and in many of the colleges this fact has been recognized, and the youths (now capable of such work), in most cases, make a success of it. So, instead of trying to teach the boys trades when they are too young to learn them well, it would be much better to wait until they are in the higher public schools and colleges, when they would be sure to be over fourteen years of age. H. ROMER.

Negative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, Plainfield, N. J., before June 19, 1886.

ONLY A SPARK—A PARABLE.

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

A CERTAIN man had large crops stored away in his barn, and a neighbor came to him one night saying, "Lend me, I pray thee, of thy corn wherewith to feed my beasts, for they have naught to eat." Then did the farmer light a candle and go into his barn; neither did he think of the danger. And it came to pass as he went that behold a spark fell upon a sheaf of wheat, which burned little by little. Then did that farmer cry out with terror, saying, "Alas! my barn will be burned, and all my crops will be consumed!" But the neighbor answered him, "Fear not, for it is only a wisp of straw that is on fire, and soon will it burn itself out. Let it alone and all will be well." But the farmer said, "No, I will not be quiet, for I perceive that this thing doth grow more and more." And even while he spoke the little flame began to spread on every side. Then suddenly bethinking himself the farmer blew out his candle and flung it clear away. Moreover he did stamp with his feet upon the flames and shouted, "Fire! fire!" at the top of his voice, so that many heard and came to his help. So with much endeavor they did at last put out the fire; but it was after great labor and much loss.

The neighbors therefore said unto him, "How dangerous and deadly a thing is fire, and how fortunate we were in putting it out before it went too far; for then would it have destroyed thy substance." And they began to advise him never to let fire get beyond control, lest it might burn to excess.

Then the farmer lifted up his voice and said, "I call you to witness, my neighbors. Hear ye, and mark my words. I fear no fire where there is no spark. Fool was I to carry a candle into my barn. Now, therefore, I do solemnly pledge you my word that never will I any more bring a spark of fire into this place where I have stored my harvests."

And seeing that he spoke wisely they answered, saying, "Let us go and do likewise." And every man went to his own house.

ACCORDING to recent returns 13.4 per cent. of the people of the United States were unable to read and write. In England and Wales the percentage of illiteracy was 15; in Germany only 1.32. There is no American State which can compare with any prominent German province in regularity and punctuality of school attendance, and in thoroughness of instruction.—*North-western Journal of Education*.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

A Service of the Creeds.*

[For the Congregation, the "Assembly," or for meetings of "The Oxford League."]

Pastor. These [at Berea] were more noble than those in Thessalonica.

Congregation. In that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so.

P. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable

C. For doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

P. That the man of God may be perfect,

C. Thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

P. Search the Scriptures.

C. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

P. To the law and to the testimony.

C. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

P. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly;

C. In all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another;

P. In psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

Sing. C. M.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

O may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;

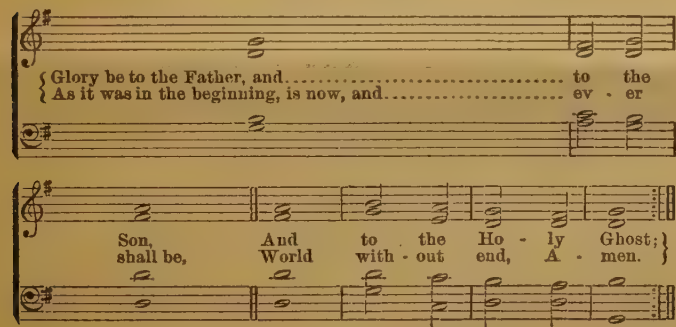
It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

THE CREEDS.

C. I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; and in Jesus Christ, his only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day he rose from the dead; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy catholic Church, the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting. *Amen.*

GLORIA PATRI.



C. I believe that all men are sinners.

P. Wherefore, as by one man sin entered the world, and death by sin;

C. And so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.

P. We have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin;

C. As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one.

Sing. L. M.

Deep are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

C. I believe that God the Father loves all men and hates all sin.

P. God is love.

C. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us.

P. The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.

C. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son,

P. That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Sing. H, I2, IO.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

C. I believe that Jesus Christ died for all men, to make possible their salvation from sin, and to make sure the salvation of all who believe in him.

P. Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.

C. Who gave himself a ransom for all.

P. He was manifested to take away our sins.

C. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.

Sing. L. M.

'Tis finished! the Messiah dies,—
Cut off for sins, but not his own;
Accomplished is the sacrifice,
The great redeeming work is done.
'Tis finished! all the debt is paid;
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made;
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

C. I believe that the Holy Spirit is given to all men to enlighten them, and to incline them to repent of their sins, and to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.

P. The manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.

C. Quench not the Spirit.

Sing. C. M.

Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Life on the Prairie Farm.—Many things seemed new and strange to the Benly family during the first winter of their life on the Illinois farm. Their isolation was almost complete, for neighbors were few and far away, and much of the time the roads, or rather wheel-tracks, were impassable on account of the drifted snow. One or two expeditions were made to the railroad station, where a few shanties were huddled together under the pretentious name of *Bellevue City*.

Mr. Benly and Joe disappeared two days before Christmas, saying that they were compelled to go to the "city," as they facetiously called it, on important business, and that they would not be home until late that night.

At first the boys were inclined to sit up until their father's return, but Mrs. Benly urged them to get a good sleep if they wanted to finish what they were at work upon for a Christmas surprise for their father, and gradually the young fellows yielded to maternal advice and the call of inclination.

A little after midnight Mr. Benly and Joe pulled up quietly near the cabin, and Mrs. Benly appeared at the door with a lantern. They might have been mistaken for smugglers as they noiselessly transferred certain mysterious bundles from the wagon and hid them under the bed in the corner.

The boys, sleeping soundly in their quarters overhead, were not awakened, and their sister, in her little room at the end of the cabin, was equally oblivious of what was going on.

The next morning after these midnight mysteries, as soon as the boys had "finished the 'chores,'" they started off toward the woods, as they had done every morning for a week past. When their father asked them what they were going to do they said something indefinitely about trapping or hunting. Mr. Benly may have had his suspicions, but he trusted his boys, and only smiled when they took to the woods the morning before Christmas, this time with one of the mules.

"A new kind of a hunting dog is a mule," thought Mr. Benly with a chuckle.

The sturdy young fellows followed a newly beaten path about half a mile, when they stopped at a little clearing where a number of small logs were lying about. Most of these logs were stripped of their bark and had a deep groove hewn along their length. Hitching their long-eared attendant to a tree, the boys set to work in earnest, and a couple of hours later the remaining rough logs were stripped and grooved. Then the logs were dragged by twos and threes to the spring near the edge of the woods. An abundance of crotched stakes was already there. Dinner-time came just as the boys had finished their preparations, and they hurried into the cabin, stamping the light snow from their boots, pulling off their mittens, and declaring that they were as "hungry as bears."

Christmas Eve was a delightful occasion. A big fire blazed on the hearth and lighted up the log rafters and walls. Cora popped corn, and

* This service is published in large type in tract form (size of Magazine Series). It is No. 2 of the "Oxford League Service Series." Price, at the rate of 15 pages for 1 cent.

passed it around the circle. They talked about the old days in Massachusetts, and a little tinge of sadness was perceptible in their voices.

Then there was a lively discussion as to whether they should hang up their stockings about the fire-place. The boys thought they were too old, but at last they consented, "just for the sake of old times."

When the young people had retired Mr. and Mrs. Benly brought out the bundles from under the bed, and the stockings were filled with the best that "Bellevue City" and home manufacture could supply.

The boys had slipped out for a couple of hours in the dusk before supper, and with a great deal of difficulty had driven the crooked stakes and laid their wooden water-pipes (for such the grooved logs proved) nearly to the cabin. Early the next morning, before the others were stirring, the youthful plumbers hurried out to finish their aqueduct. The pipe was laid to the back door of the cabin, and a pail put beneath the spout. Then they started for the spring to let the water into the pipe. It ran out merrily, and the boys hurried back to the house to welcome the longed-for stream—but, alas! it did not come. They examined the joints and found them all right, but the water was running over the side of the trough in a place where the line followed a little hollow in the prairie. Then it dawned on them that they had been deceived by the appearance of the ground and that the cabin was on a level with, if not higher than, the spring. All their work was in vain. They felt ashamed and disappointed, but their father cheered them up, and after all the day was a great success, although as one of the boys said, "It began more like April Fool's Day than Christmas."

LABOR.

LAST week we showed that *Land, Labor, and Capital* are the requisites of production. *Land* includes all the materials which nature supplies to man, and we need give no detailed explanation. In the case of a water company, the *water* by this definition would be *land*, but we are sure that no one will be confused by this paradox.

Labor is a broad term which embraces all the physical and mental exertions of man. Labor may be direct or indirect, productive or unproductive.

Direct labor is that which results immediately in the production of wealth. Joe Astley's labor in the wheat field is direct.

Indirect labor. Mrs. Benly's labor in cooking for her husband, sons, and the hired man is indirect as regards the production of wheat. She teaches Cora and the boys in the winter evenings. This labor is indirect, but none the less essential. The school-teacher, the policeman, the judge, the minister, are indirect laborers as regards the production of material wealth, but in affording intelligence, safety, justice, and morality, they exert an invaluable influence.

PRODUCTIVE LABOR may be defined as labor which, directly or indirectly, creates material objects which shall have an exchange value or gives such value to material objects already in existence.

By this definition Mrs. Benly's labor as housewife and teacher is productive. In the same way the policeman, judge, and minister may be classed as productive laborers.

Unproductive labor may be defined simply as labor which does not create material objects, which shall have an exchange value, etc.

The unfortunate aqueduct of the Benly boys called forth unproductive labor. A railway was begun in England, and after a great deal of work was done upon it abandoned. The labor expended upon that railway was unproductive. The labor of people who furnish entertainment and amusement is unproductive. It may be well for people to be amused, but it is hardly possible to bring this class under the head of "indirectly productive laborers."

Mr. Benly's expedition to the "city" for Christmas presents, if made for that purpose solely, involved *unproductive labor* of transportation, etc. This is simply the economic aspect of the subject, and we would not have our readers suppose that we do not think Mr. Benly's action wise.

Next week we shall take up the important subject of *Capital*.

RECREATION.

[In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.]

MINIATURE YACHTS.

A BOY visitor in Central Park, New York, on a breezy spring or summer day would be delighted with the regattas which are sailed on one of its lakes. Graceful yachts crowded with snowy sails go skimming about as if manned by a skillful crew and a "smart" skipper. Gay colored streamers float from the mastsheads, and the stars and stripes are run up at the peaks. Tiny brass cannon are discharged with sharp reports as the slow matches burn up to the priming. Now and then a little steam-yacht goes puffing through the crowd of sailing craft, and as the ingenious clock-work regulates her rudder, she turns in a large circle and steams back to shore. Boys of all ages eagerly crowd the edges of the pond and watch the maneuvers of their craft. It is a captivating sight, and the boy who is not interested at once must be a very old and unnatural boy indeed.

We wish to propose to our readers a plan for organizing a miniature yacht club. We are sure you will enjoy the work of building, rigging, and sailing your tiny craft. A boy becomes attached to a boat

which he has made, and will spend many happy hours overhauling, rigging, painting, and varnishing his yacht. You cannot many of you, probably, own large yachts, but each of you who has mechanical skill, enthusiasm, and patience may own a very trim, handsome little vessel, and have it cost you little or nothing.

This is a particularly good time to begin yacht-building, because the articles now being published in OUR YOUTH will give you almost all the information you need.

The article in this number on page 35 will show you the different models, and from them you can easily design your boat. For small yachts the center-board is not feasible. It is too difficult to calk tightly, and the boat will leak. A lead keel is the best substitute for the center-board.

Decide on the length of your boat and draw a deck plan on paper. Take a thick piece of wood (pine is the best), and either cut it yourself or have a carpenter do it, the exact shape of your deck plan. Draw a straight line from stem to stern for your keel mark. Make the keel a quarter of an inch wide or more, according to the size of your boat. Then with chisels cut away the wood carefully and apply a thin wood (gauge which you can make from your drawing) so as to make the boat symmetrical. When you have finished the outside, sand-paper it smooth. The inside should be gouged out carefully so as not to cut through.

A thin deck of hard wood marked into little planks and mailed over the hull finishes the hard work. It is best to make the hull water-tight. If you have a hold and hatchway your boat is likely to get water-soaked from shipping seas.

The masts and spars should be made of pine, neatly scraped, oiled, and varnished. The sails should be of fine white linen, hemmed on the edges. For full details about different rigs, see the first article on "The Sloop vs. the Cutter," in No. 27 of OUR YOUTH.

What we propose is that the boys in some community organize a club of miniature yachts, and hold regattas. The winning yacht might receive some simple prize, like a set of silk colors, or a little silver cup.

We strongly recommend this plan because we know there is plenty of fun in it.

Some of the large toy firms in New York keep all kind of yacht materials—anchors, chains, capstans, binnacles, guns, pulleys, railings, small boats, etc., and we shall be glad to furnish information to any of our readers who take an interest in miniature marine architecture.

We hope that this summer there will be many little *Puritans*, *Priscillas*, *Atlantics*, and *Mayflowers* tossing the tiny waves from their sharp prows, and heeling over to leeward under a heavy spread of canvas.

FROM an ably written article on the "Evolution of the Bicycle," in the "Chicago Standard," of April 29, we glean the following interesting statistics:

"L. W. Conklin, of Spalding Brothers, of Chicago, estimates that there are now 175,000 bicycle riders in Great Britain, and over 50,000 on the continent of Europe. The largest bicycle organization is the International Cycling Touring Club, of England, which, founded in 1878, now numbers 23,000 members. Bicycling history in the United States began in 1877, and now, less than ten years since the League of American Wheelmen organized, in 1880, numbers 7,500 members in forty-three States and Territories. The racing records show that a mile has been done on a bicycle in two minutes and thirty-five seconds; twenty miles in forty-eight minutes and twenty seconds, and one hundred miles in five hours and fifty minutes, and two hundred and sixty miles, on the road, in twenty-four hours. On a good road a bicycle rider can cover a given distance in one third the time, and with one sixth less exertion, than he can by walking."

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

FRANCE has a lesson for us. In 1871 she was humiliated by the Germans, losing the flower of her army, two rich provinces, and purchasing peace by a money payment of one thousand million dollars. The other losses of the war amounted to one thousand million more.

FRANCE paid the German claim long before the last installment fell due. Such vitality would be surprising if it were unprecedented. But France showed the same power of recuperation seventy years ago after Napoleon had wasted her resources. France is prosperous because the French are frugal. Every body saves something. Almost every body owns something.

THE French school-banks are a novelty. "The children are early taught to save. To promote economy the government has established savings-banks in connection with the public schools. There are no less than 24,000 of these banks. The 500,000 boys whose names are on the books have an average of about \$5 each to their credit."

WHY not school-banks in America, instead of candy-stores?

KNOWLEDGE is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another.—Addison.

THERE are in the United States 255 normal schools, with 1,937 instructors and 60,063 students. Business colleges number 221, having 1,015 instructors and 44,074 students. There are 358 kindergartens, with 831 instructors and 17,002 pupils.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Roumania.

(Area, 48,387 sq. miles; population, 5,376,000; ruler, King Charles I.)



THE kingdom of Roumania is composed of two great divisions, Moldavia on the north, and Wallachia on the south. The former is a part of the great plain of Russia, and the latter is also for the most part level, rising gradually from the Danube to the mountain wall which divides it from Hungary. Agriculture is the main-stay of the people, and most of the heads of families own the farms on which they live. Grain is the staple export, and animals, hides, and timber are exported in smaller quantities. The river commerce is very large. Bucharest the capital has a population of 225,000, and Jassy and Galatz are large and flourishing cities. Five sixths of the population adhere to the Greek faith, the remnant being Jews, Romanists, etc. But little provision is made by the state for education, and illiteracy prevails to an overwhelming extent. The Roumanian or Roumansch language is the ancient Latin mingled with many words of the Slavic races which have occupied this region since the days of the Cæsars. The Roumanian constitution was adopted in 1866, and differs but little from that of the more liberal European states.

The province of Dacia which marked the farthest limit of Roman conquest in eastern Europe included the country between the Danube, the Pruth, and the mountains. When the migrating nations poured into Europe this region became the scene of some of their earliest struggles, and its population was affected by these races. The inhabitants became a composite people, speaking a language in which the Latin was not easily recognized among the forms and words of Gothic, Hunnic, and Slavic tribes. These people, Wallachians or Wallachs, were converted to the faith of the Eastern Church, but they maintained a warlike nature and made war on the surrounding nations. The Mongol Tartars, sweeping across Asia and Europe in the thirteenth century, devastated this region and drove its inhabitants beyond the western mountains. Some years later Wallachian chiefs returned to their country and founded anew the principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia. These states were not strong, and placed themselves under the protection of the Turkish power soon after that was firmly established in Constantinople (1453). The Turks gradually encroached upon the rights of the provinces, assuming the right to name governors and selling these offices to greedy Greeks, who plundered the people. Early in the present century Russia found the Roumanians ready allies in her anti-Turkish schemes, and with Russian aid the natives regained many of their privileges in 1829. In 1858 the two provinces were united under one ruler, and two years later became a single state. The German Prince Charles of Hohenzollern was elected Lord of Roumania in 1866. When Russia went to war with Turkey (1877) in behalf of the Greek Christians of the Balkan states Roumania at first favored her, and, proclaiming independ-

ence, soon joined her in the field, aiding materially in the campaigns in Bulgaria. The Treaty of Berlin (1878) dissolved all connection between Roumania and the Porte, and in 1881 Prince Charles took the title of King Charles I.

The Defeat of Mr. Gladstone.

MR. GLADSTONE'S bill to establish a separate legislature for Ireland was defeated June 7 when it came up for a "second reading" in the House of Commons. The question was thought to be one of the highest importance, and nearly every member was present when the vote was taken. The result was a majority of thirty against the bill. The coalition which won the victory was composed of three hundred and forty-one men. Two hundred and fifty of these were Conservatives, whose opposition depended apparently more upon the Liberal origin of the measure than upon any opinion as to its justice or expediency. To this main body the Liberal deserters attached themselves. They were in two groups. The larger party was made up of the Whigs or Moderate Liberals, led by such able and eminent men as Lord Hartington and Mr. Goschen, and acted from the honest conviction that Home Rule is wrong and the present bill impossible. The second division of Liberal seceders included Mr. Chamberlain and a score or more of his personal followers. Mr. Chamberlain is an "Advanced Liberal" who has twice represented the Radical wing of his party in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet. His objections to details in the Irish bills forced him to resign from the government, and his speeches in the recent debates have been marked by frequent angry disputes between him and his former chief. John Bright, the friend and former colleague of the premier, was another influential member of the opposition. Eighty-five Parnellites, together with the two hundred and twenty-six Liberals who remained true to their leader constituted the minority.

The closing hours of the debate were deeply interesting. Mr. Goschen began by presenting in the most telling manner the arguments against the bill: The danger of abandoning Ireland to the Catholics, the impossibility of securing justice for the Protestants of Ulster, and the folly of taking this step toward breaking up the empire. The Irish leader replied in detail to the spokesman of the Whigs. His speech was calm but forcible, and contained the remarkable statement that during the recent parliamentary campaign a member of Lord Salisbury's cabinet had pledged his party to the support of a Home Rule bill in return for Irish votes. The defeat of the Conservatives prevented the fulfillment of this bargain, but it was apparent that party, and not principle, actuated the Conservatives in their present opposition. Mr. Gladstone closed the debate in an earnest appeal to all believers in Home Rule to vote for the second reading of the bill. He assured his hearers that a vote for the measure at this stage would mean an indorsement of the abstract principle only, and would not bind the voter to approve the details, which would be arranged later on. He announced his willingness to modify every thing in accordance with the wishes of Parliament, and asked only for an approval of the bare proposal of an Irish Parliament. The vote was then taken and the bill was lost. It was long past midnight when the vote was declared, and the House immediately adjourned.

The defeat opened two courses to the government—they might resign or appeal to the country. In the one case they would do as Lord Salisbury had done after his defeat at the beginning of the session, acknowledging their defeat and leaving it to the opposition to construct a cabinet. But Lord Hartington, who would in this event become premier, could not hope for efficient support from Parliament as at present constituted. A stable government would be out of the question. Mr. Gladstone

accepted the second alternative. At a cabinet meeting, held the day after the defeat, it was decided to dissolve Parliament and appeal to the voters of the nation to elect new representatives to support the Home Rule policy. The queen acquiesced in this decision, and the premier accordingly notified the House of Commons that the dissolution would occur as soon as the annual supply measures (appropriation bills) were passed. This will probably be June 26. The elections will take place within the succeeding forty days. If the people rally to the support of the Home Rule candidates and return a majority for the bill, the new House will not be summoned until October. But if the opposition should win at the polls Parliament will assemble in August, when the Liberal ministry will resign and leave the government in the hands of the opposition.

The preliminaries of the campaign have begun already. Members are appealing to their constituents, and one of the most momentous struggles in the history of England is on foot. There is but a single issue in their election—Home Rule. The line is clearly drawn. The Irish vote in England and Scotland will be cast for the Liberal candidates instead of for the Conservatives as in the last election. What the immediate outcome will be is doubtful; but the ultimate result must be a separate government for Ireland, although it may not be accomplished on the exact lines laid down by Mr. Gladstone's bill.

Ulster.

ONE of the commonest arguments urged against the Irish Home Rule bill was based upon the injustice of intrusting the government of Ulster to an Irish Parliament. It was rumored that, in the event of the passage of the bill, Lord Wolseley, general of the British army, would surrender his commission and offer his services to the men of Ulster in a war against their countrymen. This was denied; but Lord Randolph Churchill, one of the most prominent of English Tories, declared in a speech at Belfast that thousands of Englishmen would perish on the battle-field before they would consent to the ruin of Ulster.

Ulster is in a measure distinct from the rest of Ireland. Geographically it is the northernmost of the four Irish provinces, and includes the nine counties of Antrim, Armagh, Cavan, Donegal, Down, Fermanagh, Londonderry, Monaghan, Tyrone. It is about equal to Massachusetts in area and population. In race and religion Ulster is not Irish. The Irish people, wherever found, are with few exceptions adherents of the Roman Catholic Church. The population of Ulster is divided very evenly between the Roman Catholics and all other denominations, whereas in other provinces the Catholics outnumber the Protestants ten to one. Hence, it has become the fashion to speak of Protestant Ulster.

The people of this province are not of the Celtic race which prevails elsewhere in the island. The Celts were displaced in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., by the act known as the plantation of Ulster. After one of the numerous Irish rebellions, King James dispossessed the Irishmen of Ulster and granted their lands to his own followers, who sent over colonies of English and Scotch to settle upon them. The Irish fled to the bogs and mountains, cherishing a hatred of England which has never wholly died out. The "plantation," however, flourished. The new settlers were thrifty, and Ulster prospered beyond her neighbors. The land laws are more equitable than in the south, and the general condition of the people is superior to that in the other provinces.

So when politicians demand separate government for Ulster it is because they distrust the wisdom or justice of giving the Protestant and Anglicized district of Ireland into the hands of an Irish Parliament, which would naturally be controlled by the Roman Catholics.

Changing the Gauge.

NEARLY all the railroads in the Southern States altered the gauge of their track on Sunday, May 30. The Sabbath was selected for the work because on that day the ordinary traffic of the road was less and the consequent loss by reason of delay would be diminished. The standard gauge of American railroads is four feet, eight inches, but the rails on the Southern roads aggregating about 15,000 miles of track were laid five feet apart. As a consequence but few Southern cars are ever seen upon Northern railroads, and merchandise shipped from Southern points has been subject to unusual delay and expense before it could be delivered in the North. At points like Louisville, where the two systems connect, it has been necessary to unload cargoes going north or south, or to put the cars in the "hoist," where they were lifted and other trucks substituted. The cost of hoisting each car was about fifty cents, and the expense of transferring cargoes was between two and three dollars. This expense is saved by the change of gauge.

The alteration was made by moving one rail four inches toward the other. On the Louisville and Nashville, one of the most important roads, the track was divided into eight-mile sections, twenty-four men being allotted to each section, four men drawing inside spikes, eight men driving outside spikes, four men driving inside spikes, four men throwing rail, one man with five-foot gauge pole car, one man with standard gauge lever car, two men extra. The work was completed by evening and test trains were sent over the road before regular traffic was resumed.

Pronunciation.

Ar-magh' (Ar-mā').	Hun'ga-ry (Hung'ga-).
Bu'cha-rest'.	Ho'hen-zol'ern.
Cav'an.	Jas'sy (Yās'se).
Dā'ci-a.	Lon'don-der'ry.
Dan'ūbe.	Mol-dā'vi-a.
Don-e-gal' (-gawl').	Mon'a-ghan (-han).
Fer-man'agh	Prūth.
(gh silent).	Rou-mā'ni-a.
Gā'lätz.	Wal-lā'chi-a (Wol-).

A Brief Survey.

COL. RICHARD M. HOE of New York, famous as an inventor and manufacturer of the fast newspaper printing presses now in use, died in Florence, Italy, June 7, at the age of seventy-four.—The House of Representatives passed the bill laying a tax of five cents a pound upon manufactured butter (oleomargarine). The Senate passed the Chinese indemnity bill, granting \$150,000 to defray the damages inflicted in the anti-Chinese riots at Rock Springs, W. T., in September, 1885.—The Oregon election, June 8, resulted in the choice of a Democratic governor and a Republican Congressman.—Prince Leopoldo, grandson of Dom Pedro, emperor of Brazil, arrived in New York June 6.—Dr. J. W. Nevins, a leading divine in the Reformed Church, died at Lancaster, Pa., June 6.

It is rumored that Victor Emmanuel, crown-prince of Italy, will marry the Princess Helene, second daughter of the count of Paris, and sister of Amelie, who recently married the crown-prince of Portugal. It is these royal alliances of the French Bourbons that add to the eagerness of the republicans for the banishment of the royal family.—Prince Bismarck's spirit tax bill has failed. He asked the recent parliament to allow the government a monopoly of the trade in spirits. This was refused. He then proposed to increase the liquor tax so as to add to the revenue. The adjourning parliament left this bill in charge of a standing committee. This committee rejects the measure because the government will not indicate the use to which the increased revenue is intended.—Rain storms in Germany have caused much damage. The losses have been most severe in Thuringia and in the Harz region.—The baby king of Spain was christened Alfonso-Leo-Fernando-Jaime-Maria-Isidor-Pascal. His royal name is Alfonso XIII. His second name is in honor of his godfather, the pope.—The defeat of the Home Rule bill was followed by serious rioting in Ireland. The worst outbreaks were in Belfast, where Gladstone and Parnell were burned in effigy. The police killed five of the mob. The dispatches lay the chief blame upon the Orangemen.

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—We hear a great deal of talk about the consumption of fish. We wonder they don't try cod-liver oil.
—*Puck.*

—Visiting clergyman (in Indian nation)—"Are all these Indians Christians?"

Irish waiter—"No, sur, not wan of them; some is Comanches an' some is Episcopalians."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Landlady to new servant—"I hope in cleaning the rooms, Martha, you always take care to sweep under the bed."

Martha—"Yaas, indeed, ma'am, I allus do, 'cause, yo' see, it's much easier than c'lectin' de dirt wid a dust-pan."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fond parent—"Well, Johnny, how are you getting along at school?"

Johnny—"O, first-rate. I started on third, but I am on first now."

Fond parent—"Glad to hear it, my son. Always try to be first. There is fifty cents for your industry."

Johnny—"Aint that nice? I'll try to get higher yet."

Fond parent—"Higher? How can you get higher than first?"

Johnny—"Easy enough. I can get to be short-stop or pitcher."—*Ex.*

—"John, dear," she said, "yesterday I covered your boot-jack with silk plush and painted some flowers on it, and it is perfectly lovely. You will be delighted when you see it, I know."

"I've seen it," said John.

"You have; when?"

"Last night. I threw it at a cat."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Concerning the Unitarian, the Rev. William B. Greene, of West Brookfield, this story is told. A man died in the neighborhood, and the reverend colonel was called upon to officiate at the funeral. Some time afterward, on inquiring why he was summoned to the funeral of a man not of his flock, he was told, "Mr. — did not believe in much of any thing, and we thought your belief came the nearest to nothing of any body's, so we sent for you!"—*Worcester Spy.*

—George is four years old. One day the youngster had been taken with a slight attack of prevarication, and, wishing to impress upon his infantile understanding the sinfulness of telling fibs, the father related the story about George Washington and his little hatchet, closing with the remark that George Washington was a good boy and never told a lie. The child sat in deep thought a moment and then said: "Papa, toodn't he talk?"—*Boston Record.*

—The mother led the bad boy into the woodshed by the ear, and having selected a pliant shingle, was about to apply it where it would do the most good, when he said:

"Hold on, mar!"

"No, sir; that's the second time you've been in the water to-day."

"Are you going to strike, mar?"

"I am."

"Don't strike. Let us arbitrate."

But ma wasn't a Knight of Labor, and she struck.
—*Boston Courier.*

—It was the same boy who was given permission by the hostess at a grown-up party, where he was asked, because the families were intimate, to eat a whole mold of strawberry ice-cream that was left after all the guests had been served. He sighed as soon as he had said, "No, thank you," and presently confided to a small daughter of the house:

"It's dreadful to grow up, and I know I'm doing it. Why, last year I could have eaten all that ice-cream as easy as could be, and now I can't eat a bit more than two saucers full!"—*Boston Record.*



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